

WOMAN'S WORLD.

DR. ELLEN KENYON ON ARRESTED DEVELOPMENT.

Late Occurrences in Society and the Present World of Interest to Women. Timely Hints as to Spring Novelties—Interesting Personal Gossip.

The Science Seminars society meets every Sunday evening in the lecture room of Hubert Collyer's church for the announced object of "presenting the most advanced views and encouraging their practical application." The society is called a new departure, and the platform is said to be broad enough for all. The program in general reads: "Scholarly and interesting lectures by acknowledged leaders, discussion afterward, instrumental and vocal music." On a recent evening a discussion followed a lecture on "The Evolution of True Womanhood," by Dr. Ellen E. Kenyon, associate editor of The School Journal. Dr. Kenyon has an attractive face and a modest and pleasing manner. She is a dress reformer, but does not wear the garments of her more radical sisters. She said in part:

Woman is stirring, incessantly in the narrow confines of her average thought world, only half awake as yet to the fact that she is a victim of arrested development; that tradition has her in its clammy grasp so tightly that much of her ethical power is benumbed and nine-tenths of her potential usefulness deprived of its right to be actualized.

About a quarter of a century ago the voice of woman piped out its first shrill note of determination in this war for elbow room in which to become a freely developed selfed being. Society listened and turned away, pronouncing the note discordant, but the female "rations" were lessened to again and again in public opinion.

Woman is trained from her cradle up by orthodox. To have opinions is not dutiful and feminine; therefore she is trained to believe as she is told to believe. To dress freely and conveniently is not stylish; therefore her arms are bound down to her sides by sleeves cut by the straight-gown pattern. To have intellectual tastes and to select occupations is vain, for her destiny is to wheedle men, direct servants and dress babies. She must spend laborious years at the piano, though she may be stupid in music, because a husband is not easily caught without some form of flash, and a home unbecoming without music. Men, on the other hand, is trained more or less as an individual. If he tries to bulldoze his sister, he shows evidence of future capacity to rule. He will be anything from a band leader to a two term president of the United States.

But woman is finding out that her dignity demands an uprising against the cardinal doctrine of obedient men, and that the veil of fathers generations which she holds in sacred keeping demands of her a participation in the law-making of this alleged government by the people in order that certain distasteful laws making prey of the young and ignorant may be wisely and indignantly repealed. She is learning to reason about the wonderful gift of intuition that man borrows to her in poems, but seems to the present of real life, and to us if this intuition is such a fine thing in theory is it not worth something in practice? England is ahead of us in extending the educational facilities of the land to women. The idea of education is that it should reveal to the student his own higher nature and train him to conform his life to its law. Such is the progress that woman has been making.—New York Sun.

The Vassar Girl.

Of the many important features at the meeting of the Vassar College Alumnae Association in New York recently one of the most interesting was the singing of the college girls. The hall, in one end of the hall in which the meeting was held was filled with a charming collection of the "maiden fair" known the length and breadth of the land by the melodious appellation of "the Vassar girl." All then she sang! And the very best of it all was the one that proclaimed the stage of the emancipation of the Vassar girl as the "faculty progressed in wisdom and in knowledge." The words explain themselves:

An institution once there was of learning and of knowledge which had over its high brick front a "Vassar Female College." The maidens for could not enjoy their heads and milk and porridge, for graven on the fane and spousal "Was 'Vassar Female College.'" Tra la, la, la. Tra la, la, la. "Was 'Vassar Female College.'" A strong east wind at last came by, a wind that blew from Norway. Before the "Female" from the sign that was upon the college, and as the faculty progressed in wisdom and in knowledge they took the "Female" off the spousal. As well as off the college, Tra la, la, la. Tra la, la, la. It now is Vassar college.—New York Times.

Southern Women Physicians.

In the United States there are now eight distinctive graduating medical colleges for women alone. Two of them are already well established in the south—Baltimore and Atlanta—with regularly increasing classes. The Woman's Medical college of Cincinnati is also graduating increasing numbers from south of that city. In addition to the above there are 47 colleges for both sexes. In short, in round figures 500 female graduates in medicine are being turned out annually from the colleges. A large number are from the south, and naturally many will cast their lot in southern communities. It is idle to attempt to resist the logic of facts. In a few more years women doctors will cease to be curiosities in the south. In the meantime it will be well for the physician to begin now to make up his mind what he will do in the event of his being called in consultation by one of

these ladies. As for the vast majority of the observant and conservative element of the profession, they will receive the proper qualified woman doctor in each instance as she comes.—Virginia Medical Monthly.

The Gentlemanly Girl.

The "gentlemanly girl" is shaking off the French trappings by which she has been more or less submerged for the last year or so and now proposes to come very much to the fore this spring. The fact is that there is too much real comfort and convenience about the semi-masculine costume to allow of its being wholly discarded, and mindily has wisely decided not to abandon it, but simply to relegate it to its proper place, where it becomes the most appropriate and at the same time the most becoming costume a woman can wear. To look really well in a masculine tailor made gown a woman should be consistent. Lace, earrings and elaborately clipped hair are manifestly out of place, and a neat collar, tie, lined boots and dogskin gloves are de rigueur. A bonnet would be an anomaly, a soft felt hat in winter or a sailor hat in summer being the only headgear permissible with such a costume. A really well dressed woman is as "gentlemanly" in her tweeds as she is womanly in her silks and velvets, and she owes much of her charm to these sudden transitions.—New York Tribune.

Her Idea of Occupation.

Here is a young woman who has the right idea of occupation. She is evidently one of the superfluous women that the statistician is worrying about, such as may not marry and must not become wage earners. This woman plans for neither. She has plenty of time. She writes and shows much skill with the needle. She does not care to work for fairs and bazaars, because there seems to be always enough volunteers in that line. "What I should like," she explains, "would be to help some girls who are engaged in self support and have no time to work for themselves, or medical students, governesses or other ladies not at present earning much." Her idea is to either work directly for them, doing mending and making of needed garments, etc., or to do some of the fine work at which she is skilful and sell it for their benefit, which is real benevolence, a fitting niche that needs filling and to which only the "superfluous" woman is eligible.—London Queen.

The Blouse Waist.

The blouse waist has been going through a slow evolution all winter. Its lacy character has been steadily on the wane, and more and more has it needed the skill of the tailor to secure the line fit and finish which it has begun to demand. The new spring waist, though it is called a "frisk," is by no means a garment to be tossed together in a frisky way. It is carefully made, fitted and bound affair, whose only claim to its title are two jaunty and aggressive little ruffles over the hips, which from their position stand out in a determined and not to be put down sort of way. With the "frisk" in silks and evening shades and fabrics and the tailor made shirt waist in checked chambray and linen one skirt may be made to do quite indolently. It will not exactly be "around the world with a toothbrush," but it may be "over the seas with a single black silk polka-dot."—New York Letter.

Woman Wage Earners.

There are said to be 250,000 girls and women in New York earning their own livelihood. Of this number 10 per cent are married women, and 7 per cent are widows or wives divorced from their husbands. The wages vary, according to the statistics, from \$1.50 a week, the price paid cash girls, to \$18 a week, which is paid the best stenographers. The higher paid professions do not seem to have been investigated. In Chicago 474 different occupations, over one-half earned from \$4 to \$7 a week, 680 earned less than \$4 a week and 1,429 earned from \$7 to \$25 a week. Of this number 2 per cent were married and 3 per cent were widows or divorced wives.—New York Journal.

Countess Craven's Costume.

Americans will be interested to know that the costume of the young Countess of Craven attracted more attention than any other dress at the queen's drawing room last week. She wore a dress of pure white satin draped with old point d'Alencon lace, said to be worth more than diamonds, because gradually matchless. The train was broadened with silver in a way which gave an imposing effect. A shower of lilies of the valley was carried with long trails of pure white orchids falling down over the dress and with spikes of similar flowers standing out from the lilies and mingled with white and green foliage.—London Letter in New York Sun.

One on the Mistake.

Mrs. Westlake told an amusing story in connection with woman suffrage in New Zealand. It appears that the ladies there are delighted with their new political powers and are anxious to impress on their servants the value of the vote. One energetic mistress discarded for some time on politics to her maid-servant, and when she passed to take breath the maid quietly asked, "Pray, what do you think, ma'am, of Mr. B's scheme of representation?" The bewildered mistress had never heard even of "Mr. B's scheme," so not wishing to confess her ignorance she hastily ordered up the touch.—London Gentlewoman.

The New Gloves.

The new glove has a touch of scarlet about it. Whether it shades on tan, pearl gray or delicate green it is bound with a narrow line of bright scarlet and is fastened by four big scarlet bone buttons. It is really the most exclusive glove in the market and sold at a price equally as "exclusive." These gloves



A SENSIBLE SPRING GOWN.

are for street wear and the theater and are fastened with glass kid, long suede gloves in all the delicate shades, with the backs finely embroidered in white silk or in the same color as the gloves itself, are still the vogue for evening wear.—Dry Goods Economist.

The Reason Was Strange.

Mrs. Hanna Korany, the charming Syrian, in her address before Sorosis recently, gave her experience in writing for the papers of her native land. "The first time I sent them an article," she said, "it was returned immediately." And a young woman in the audience, who had had journalistic experience in America, the land of promise, was heard to murmur, "Well, that wasn't too very strange after all." Mrs. Korany said that the reason given for her misfortune was that "it would be a disgrace to print in the paper anything written by a woman."

A Novel Piano-Stool.

A piano stool which has lately come under our notice is constructed on a rather ingenious principle. It enables two seats to be constructed from the one stool. The pillar supporting the seat can be divided, the two legs of each part being supported by an iron bracket resting on the floor and giving the required stability. The two seats are obtained by separating and adjusting the circular top of canvas, which fits over the other so that it forms a twin seat. The idea is quite ingenious and is a feature that has much to commend it.—Uphearer.

Mrs. Frost's Ready Answer.

When Mrs. Amelia Frost was ordained in the Congregational ministry at Littleton, Mass., last month, one of the examining committee asked Mrs. Frost, "Does the bible point to women's preaching?" "Apparently so in my case," was the reply. "But," said the questioner, "I had hoped you would answer by some quotation from the bible." Instantly Mrs. Frost replied, "Your sons and daughters shall prophesy." There was tremendous applause, and any spirit of opposition to the ordination ended.—Boston Globe.

More Pockets.

At the congress of women on the subject of improved dress held in New York the other day one speaker, Mrs. Titcomb, asserted that her first reform should be in the direction of more pockets. "It is all very well for us to say that we are the equals of men," she added, "but when men move around with from 12 to 14 convenient pockets in their clothing, while we have only one, and that so hidden away that it is as hard to find as a match in the dark, we are not their equals, and they know it."

American "Wrinkles."

An English paper for women advises London brides elect to "take a wrinkle from their sisters across the Atlantic." This wrinkle is the singing of the bridal chorus from "Lohengrin" by the bride-maids of a certain well American wedding. If our "sisters across the Atlantic" would look this way a little often, they would find more clever "wrinkles" than they could imitate.—Life.

Red Parasols.

It is said that a red parasol destroys in a great measure the active power of the sun and must therefore keep the skin from freckles. Photographers long ago availed themselves of this peculiarity of light transmitted through a red medium, and it seems reasonable to suppose that a red shade might protect the complexion.—London Gentlewoman.

A Woman Trustee.

Mrs. L. C. Dwinell of Colorado Springs has been appointed by the governor of Colorado a member of the board of trustees of the Deaf, Mute and Blind institute at Colorado Springs. The Woman Voter says, "Let the governor continue the good work by appointing a woman on the staff of the insane asylum at Pueblo."

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HIGH PRAISE.

The Interested Spectator Thought she Was a Genius.

It was Saturday night, and the outgoing "theater-train" was crowded. A man with a light brown overcoat on his arm and wearing a crisp hat rose and gave his seat to a self-proclaimed young woman with gold rimmed eyeglasses, and stood patiently in the aisle, cheered somewhat by the reflection that she had thanked him.

In one of the side seats a short distance away sat an old man absorbed in a newspaper. His hat was off, and as the car was worn he had removed his coat. With his bald head, long and straggling beard, old fashioned spectacles, homelike shirt and hawthorn pipe, his appearance generally he was a striking figure, and it was not long until he attracted the attention of the young woman with the gold rimmed eyeglasses.

Drawing from some hiding place known only to herself a small blank book and a lead pencil, she began to make a sketch of him. Little by little it grew under her skilled fingers, notwithstanding the motion of the car, into a striking likeness. She was no beginner—this young person. She was an artist, and it was evident, evidently was one of her specialties. The sketch attracted the notice of the man who had given her his seat.

"I see your picture," he said, stooping to look at it. "But I am something of a judge of such work, as that, and if you will permit a certain stranger to express his appreciation of your drawing I should like to say that it is wonderfully lifelike and artistic."

"Do you think so?" she replied. "Ah, yes, you have caught his expression exactly. The fringe of hair round his head, his long whiskers, his prominent nose, his antiquated glasses, his intense earnestness with which he is reading his paper and his utter unconsciousness that he can possibly be an object of interest or curiosity to any body are all reproduced with startling fidelity. Don't let me interrupt you in your drawing. It isn't every day you have the opportunity to make a study of a subject so original, I dare say?"

"No, indeed." "And you do well to improve it. He is altogether unique. He looks as if this might be the first time in all his life that he has ever smiled at any body. Probably it is. That was an admirable touch. With two or three deft strokes you have made it a thing more lifelike, and yet you have hardly exaggerated any feature. That is where true talent for an artist comes in."

"Ah, now, you are flattering me." "Not at all. I may smile without meaning to, but by a capable artist of work like yours, and in this case I am unusually well qualified to judge. The old gentleman?" "Oh, do you know him?" "Yes, I know him very well. It happens to be my father."—Chicago Tribune.

A Crow Saves Tail.

Mr. Meek, who has been employed by the city of Detroit, has been ordered to pay for an increase in pay. My family expenses are about double what they were last year. Mr. Weller—Why, how's that? I hadn't heard there had been any increase in your family. Mr. Meek—No, it's not that. But Mr. Weller, who lives next door to you, gives his wife a new dress or hat almost every week.—Detroit Tribune.

As Unkind Neighbor.

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